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THE·BESOM·MAKER

OTHER·COVNTRY·FOLK·SONGS

COLLECTED·&·ILLVSTRATED
BY·HEYWOOD·SVMNER

LONDON
LONGMANS, GREEN, & Co
& NEW YORK

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CHRISTO ET ECCLESIAE
From the Fund given by
Francis Cabot Lowell
A.B. 1876, Fellow of Harvard College 1895-1911
and Cornelia Prime Lowell, his wife,
to supplement his
Collection of Books
relating to
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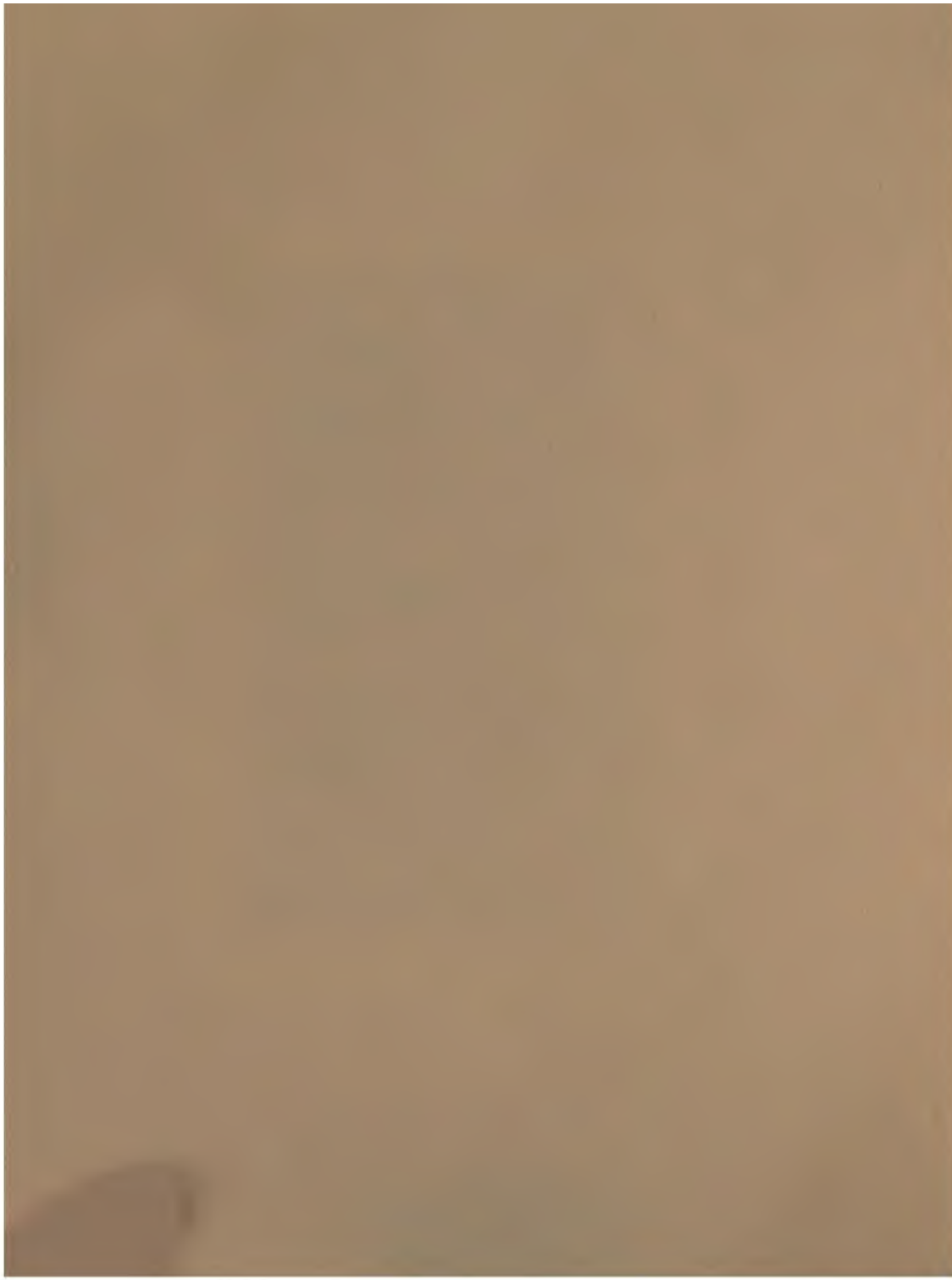
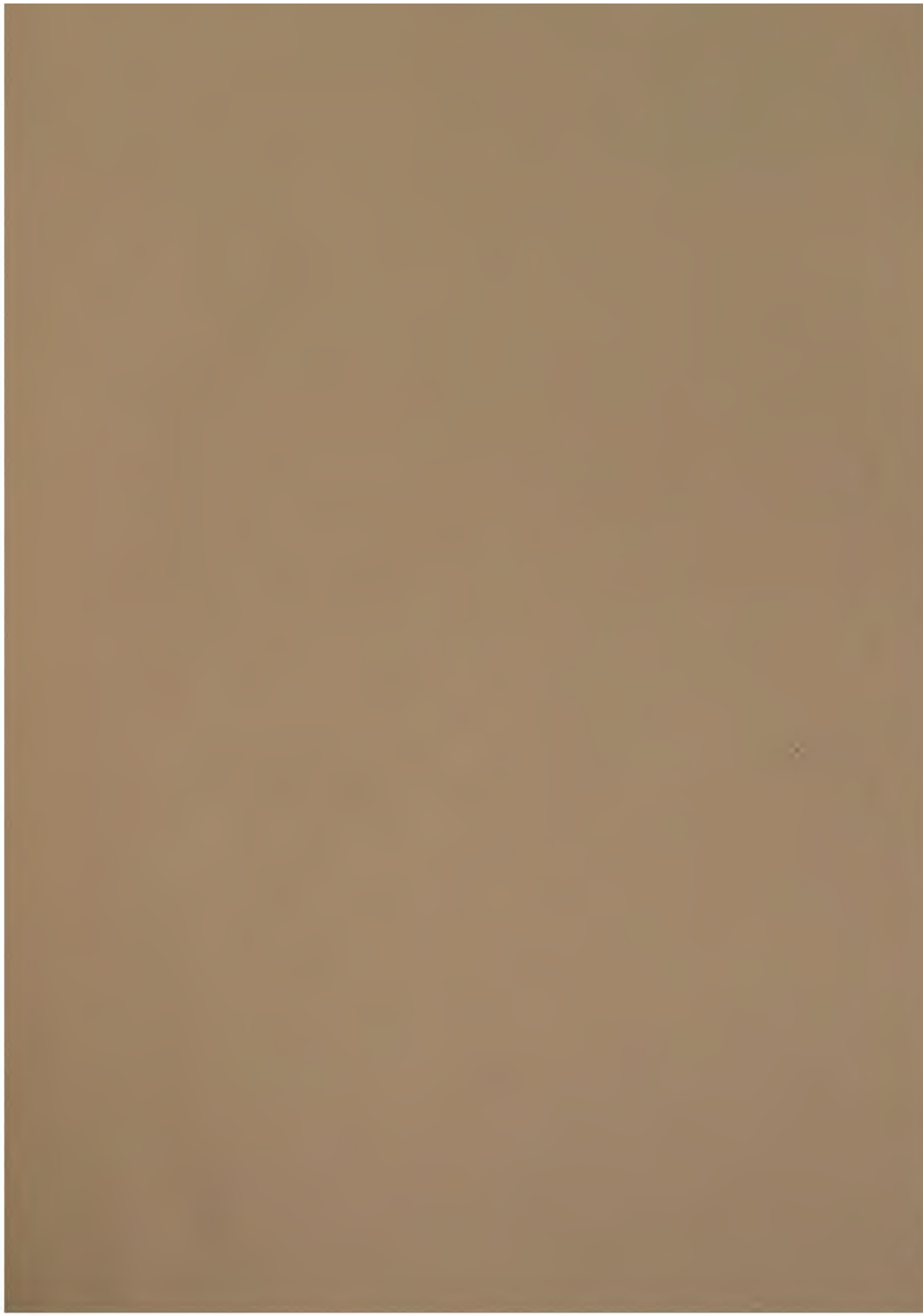


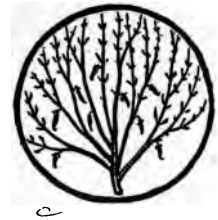


HS

THE·BESOM·MAKER
&
OTHER·COUNTRY·FOLK·SONGS

Collected and Illustrated

by HEYWOOD·SUMNER



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LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., 39 *Paternoster Row*
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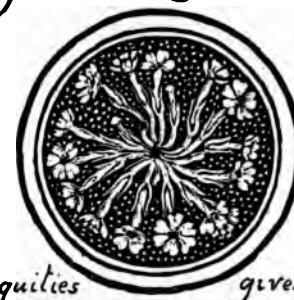
PREFACE

This little book contains a few old fashioned country songs. Songs which still may be heard where ploughmen strike their furrows, and still sung at harvest suppers by the old folk who do not change their tune to the times. Indeed when thus heard.... Song & Singer seem to be inseparable, for singers such as these have a quaint personal style & an unexpected manner of prolonging their best notes which cannot be imparted & which almost baffles notification. Nevertheless, apart from their local rendering and though these simple tunes are caged in bars, I hope that there still remains a true echo of the country in these "terrible old fashioned" songs as here presented.

Respecting their authenticity and antiquity, I will hazard no opinion, but rather I would humbly try to profit by the wisdom of Uncle Remus who, it may be remembered, checked the little boy's critical questions concerning 'Miss Meadows' and de gals' by telling him that 'dey wuz in dem tale,—Miss Meadows en de gals wuz—' 'en de tale I give you like hi't wer' gun ter' me'. So would I preface these songs by telling, that—with one exception—they were collected from the original sources above referred to, and that anything appearing to be corrupt or obscure either in the words or tunes is 'in de tale' and—'de tale I give you like hi't wer' gun' 'ter me'——While finally I would express my belief that the tunes & versions here given are not included in any current British song & ballad book.

H.S.



Brand's popular Antiquities gives a version of the Wassail song but no tune thereto

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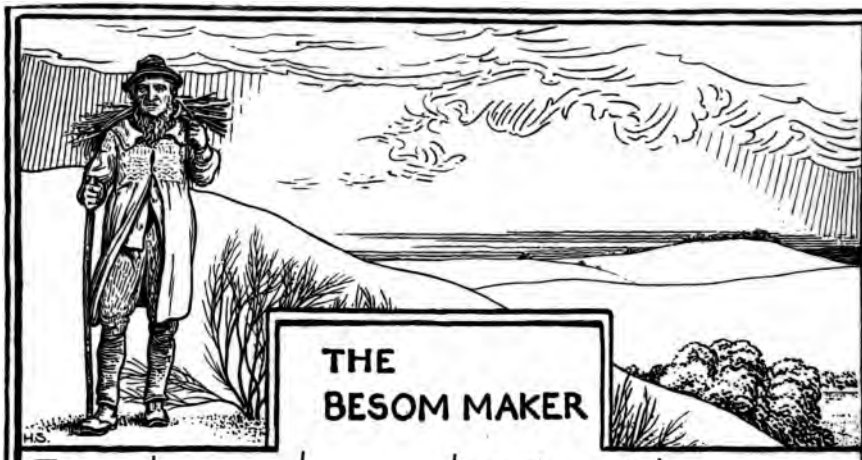
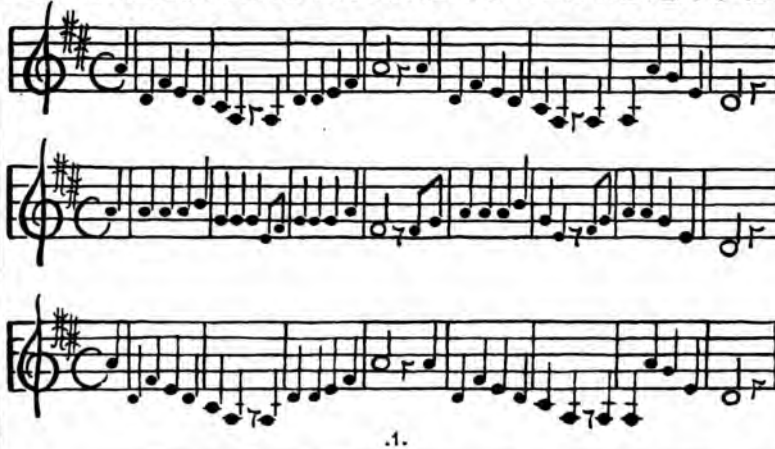
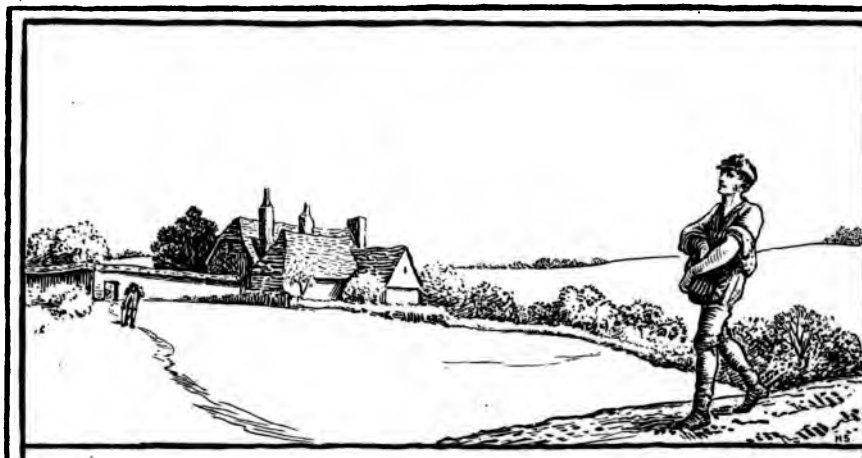


THE BESOM MAKER

I am a besom maker come listen to my tale
I am a besom maker that lives in yonder vale
Sweet pleasure that I do enjoy both morning night & noon
Going o'er the hills so high O in gathering of green broom
So it's O COME BUY MY BESOMS, BESOMS FINE & NEW
BONNY GREEN BROOM BESOMS BETTER NEVER GREW

.1.

One morning as I was a roving all over the hills so high
I met the jolly squire all with his rolling eye
He tips to me the wink & I sings to him my tune
So I ease him of his drink O in gathering of green broom
So it's O COME BUY etc . . . . . .

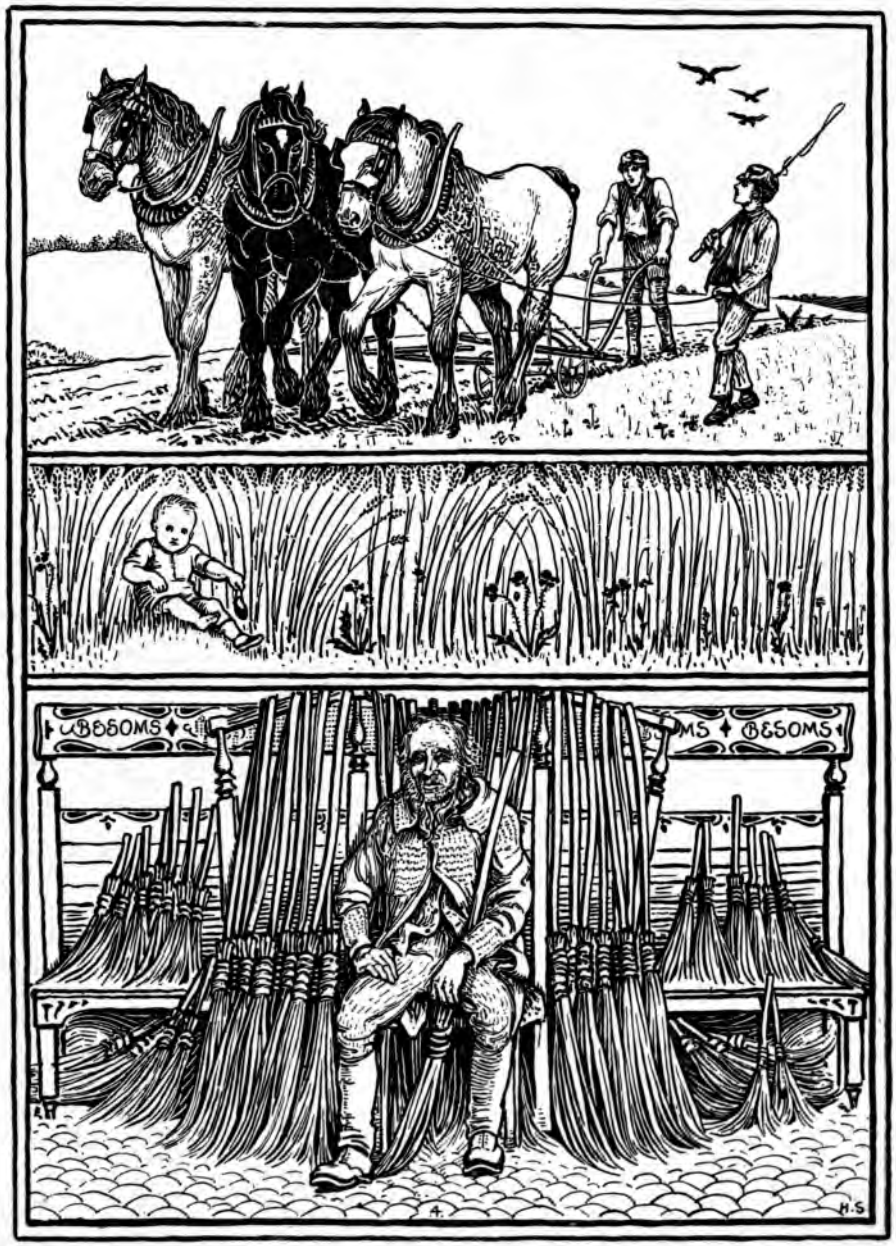
One morning as I was a roving until my native vale
I met lack Sprat the miller & he asked me to turn tail
His mill I rattle round & I grind his grits so clean
So I ease him of his drink O in gathering broom so green
So it's O COME BUY etc . . . . . .



One morning as I was a roving until my native cot
I met a jolly farmer so happy was his lot.
He ploughed his furrows deep & he laid his corn so low
And there it would bide asleep till spring & the broom sh^d grow.
So its O COME BUY etc . . . . . .

And when the corn grew up upon its native soil
All like a little baby bright with its waving smile,
Then I bundles up my broom cuts & I binds 'em tight & spare
And my besoms folks they please 'ems for I'm the darling of the
So it's O COME BUY etc . . . . . fair .

THE BESOM MAKER


BESOMS
MS BESOMS
4
H.S

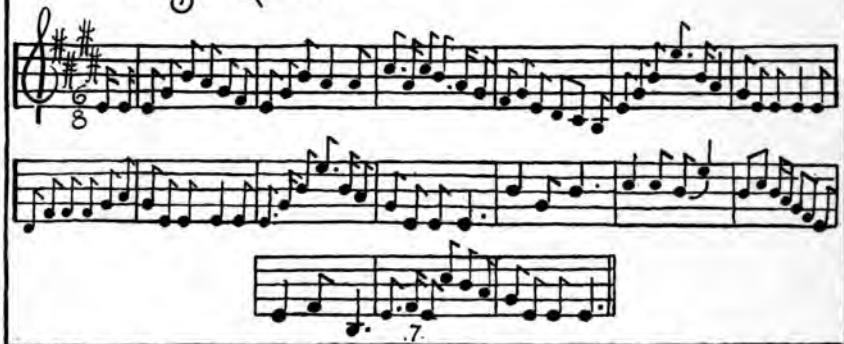
God speed the Plough

Here's a health to the farmer & God speed the plough
Send him in his fields a good crop for to grow
Send him in his fields a good crop for to grow,
That all things may prosper which he takes in hand
For the farmer indeed is a capital man .

Plough & Sow Reap & Mow
Lambs to rear & sheep to shear
Health & contentment the countrymen wear .

We build up our ricks & we fill up our barn
It's the farmer supports all the nations with corn (repeat).
Here's the blackbird & thrush we will join their sweet song
We'll be jovial together now harvest is done.
Plough & Sow. etc.

Where young men & maidens trip over the plain
Where the sweetest of pleasures all joys do maintain (repeat)
We'll walk thro' the valleys where the valleys look gay
And the innocent lambs all around us will play -
Plough & Sow. etc.

Now harvest is over & home we must go
Here's some to the threshing & some to the plough, (repeal)
Wi' good beef & beer we will eat dance & sing
For the farmer enjoys more his life than the king.
Plough & Sow etc

THE FARMER
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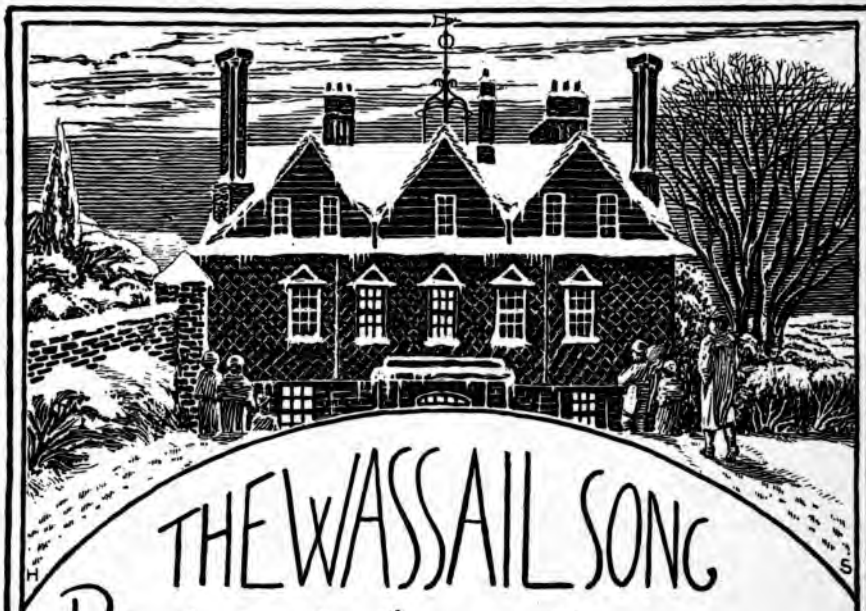
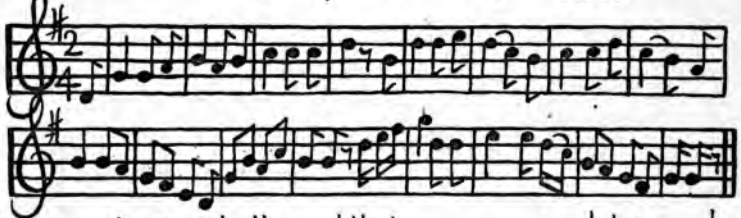
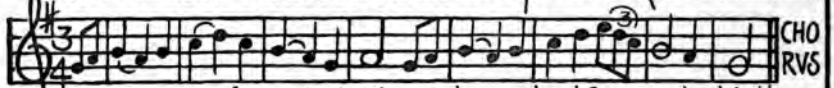
PETITION
Whereas...
Inasmuch
as...
.8.
H.S



THE WASSAIL SONG

Pray master & mistress if you are within
Please open the door & let us come in.
For we are come with our Christmas carol
We are come if you please to help empty your barrel.



Wassail Wassail all round the town, our cup is white & our ale is brown.

Our bowl is made of a good ashen tree & here my kind fellow we drink to thee.

We are in the old Time: the new Time comes fast.
The new Time comes fast_the old Time is past.
So I wish you all a happy New Year.
Your pockets full of money, your barrels full of beer. Wassail. etc

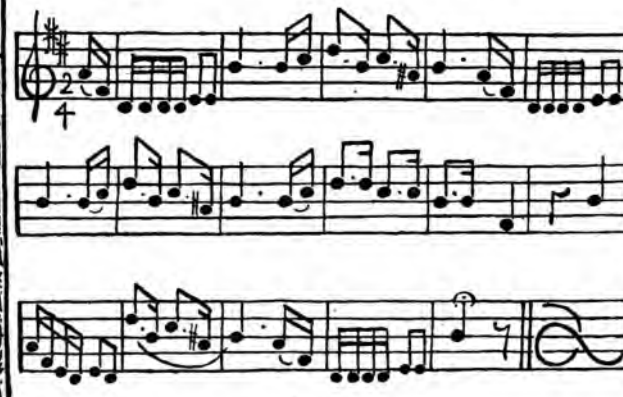
We'll drink master's health & our mistress' beside,
And all the pretty family around the fireside,
And all that he has got, I know he does not mind
We'll drink master's health in water or in wine. Wassail. etc

We'll drink master's health with the star all on his breast
And when that he is dead we hope his soul will rest.
So I wish you all a happy New Year
So I wish you all a happy New Year. Wassail. etc.

THE WASSAIL SONG.

In western Somersetshire the chorus, as below of the Wassail song used to be sung in apple orchards on Epiphany Eve. The observance of the custom was supposed to bring good luck to the next year's apple crop.

Wassail Wassail all round our town.
Our cup is white, & our ale is brown.
Our bowl is made of a good ashen tree.
And here my kind fellow, we'll drink to thee.
Spoken Hats full, caps full, three bushel bags full
Apple rooms. Barns & Bartons full.
Hurrah Hurrah Hurrah. *Now then once more. etc.*

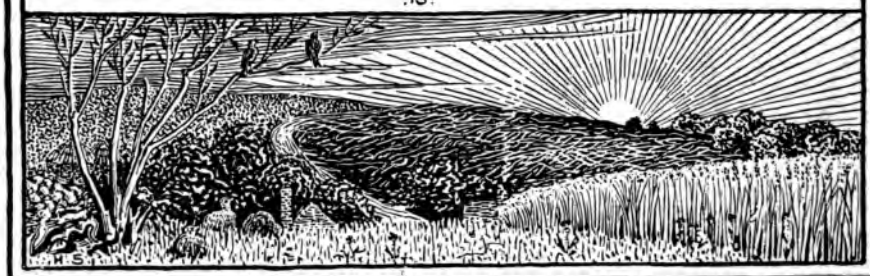
My Johnny was a shoemaker & dearly he loved me
My Johnny was a shoemaker but now he's gone to sea
With nasty pitch to soil his hands
And sail across the stormy sea .. ea .. ea
My Johnny was a shoemaker .. er .. er

His jacket was a deep sky blue & curly was his hair
His jacket was a deep sky blue it was I do declare
To reef the topsail now he's gone
And sail across the stormy sea .. ea .. ea
My Johnny was a shoemaker .. er .. er

And he will be a captain by & by with a brave & gallant crew
And he will be a captain by & by with a sword & a spy glass too
And when he is a captain bold
He'll come back to marry me .. e .. e
My Johnny was a shoemaker .. er .. er

The Reaphook & The Sickle

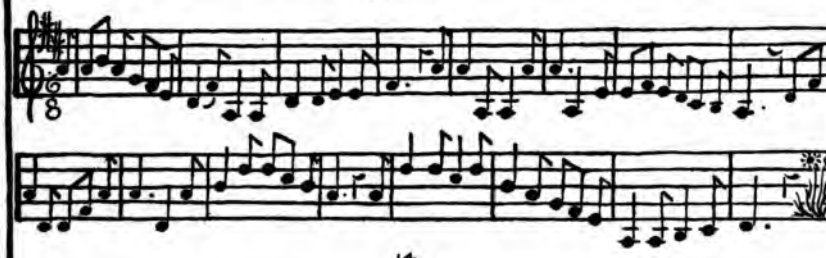
Come all you lads & lasses together let us go
Into some pleasant cornfield our courage for to show.
With the reaphook & the sickle so well we clear the land
The farmer says "well done my lads here's liquor at your command."

By daylight in the morning when birds so sweetly sing
–They are such charming creatures they make the valley ring–
We will reap & scrape together till Phœbus do go down
With the good old leathern bottle & beer that is so brown.



Lovely Nancy

Then in comes lovely Nancy the corn all for to lay,
She is my charming creature, I must begin to pray:
See how she gathers it, binds it, she folds it in her arms,
Then gives it to some waggoner to fill a farmer's barns.

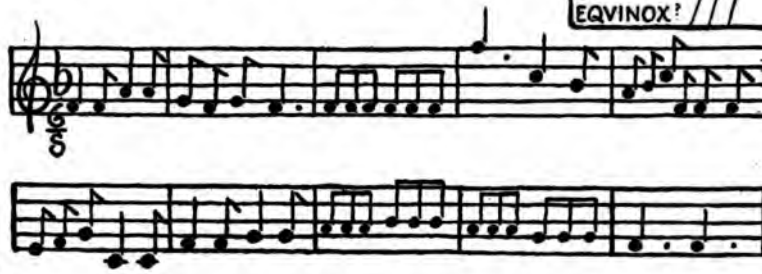
Now harvest's done & ended, the corn secure from harm,
All for to go to market boys we must thresh in the barn.
Here's a health to all you farmer's, likewise to all you men,
I wish you health & happiness till harvest comes again.

HOBBLETY BOBBLETY HOW NOW

When she churns she churns in a boot
Hobblety bobblety how now
Instead of a beater she pops in her foot
With a heigh down ho down duffle green petticoat
Robin he thrashes her now now

She puts the cheese upon the shelf · Hobblety etc
And she leaves it there till it turns of itself. With etc

It turned of itself & went out at the door · Hobblety etc
You must make it yourself if you want any more · With etc

HOBBLETY BOBBLETY HOW NOW

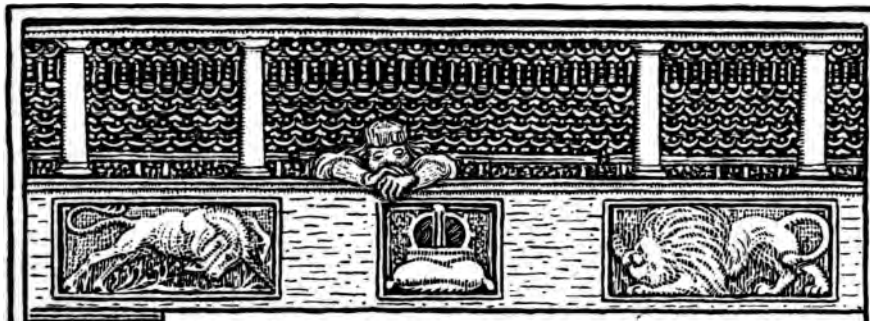
She sweeps the floor but twice a year *
Hobblety Bobblety How Now
Because she says the brooms are so dear
With a heigh down ho down duffle green petticoat
Robin he thrashes her now now

The two young men of Kenilworth

There were 2 young men of Kenilworth the sons of 1 mother. sing
here were 2 young men of Kenilworth of Kenilworth of Kenilworth
here were 2 young men of Kenilworth
he sons of 1 Mother

ABRAHAM were the name of 1 & ISHMAEL were of t'other. sing
BRAHAM were the name of 1 the name of 1 the name of 1
BRAHAM were the name of 1
nd ISHMAEL were of t'other

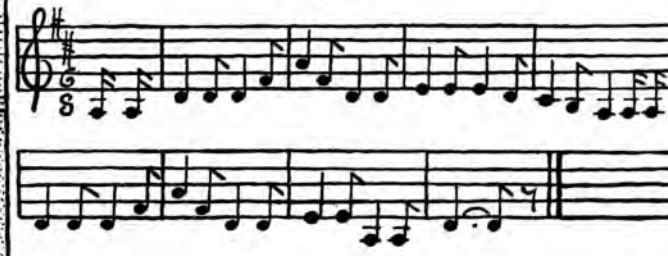
These 2 young men to the field were sent the grey mare for to find. sing
hese 2 young men to the field were sent to the field were sent to the field etc
hese 2 young men to the field were sent
he grey mare for to find

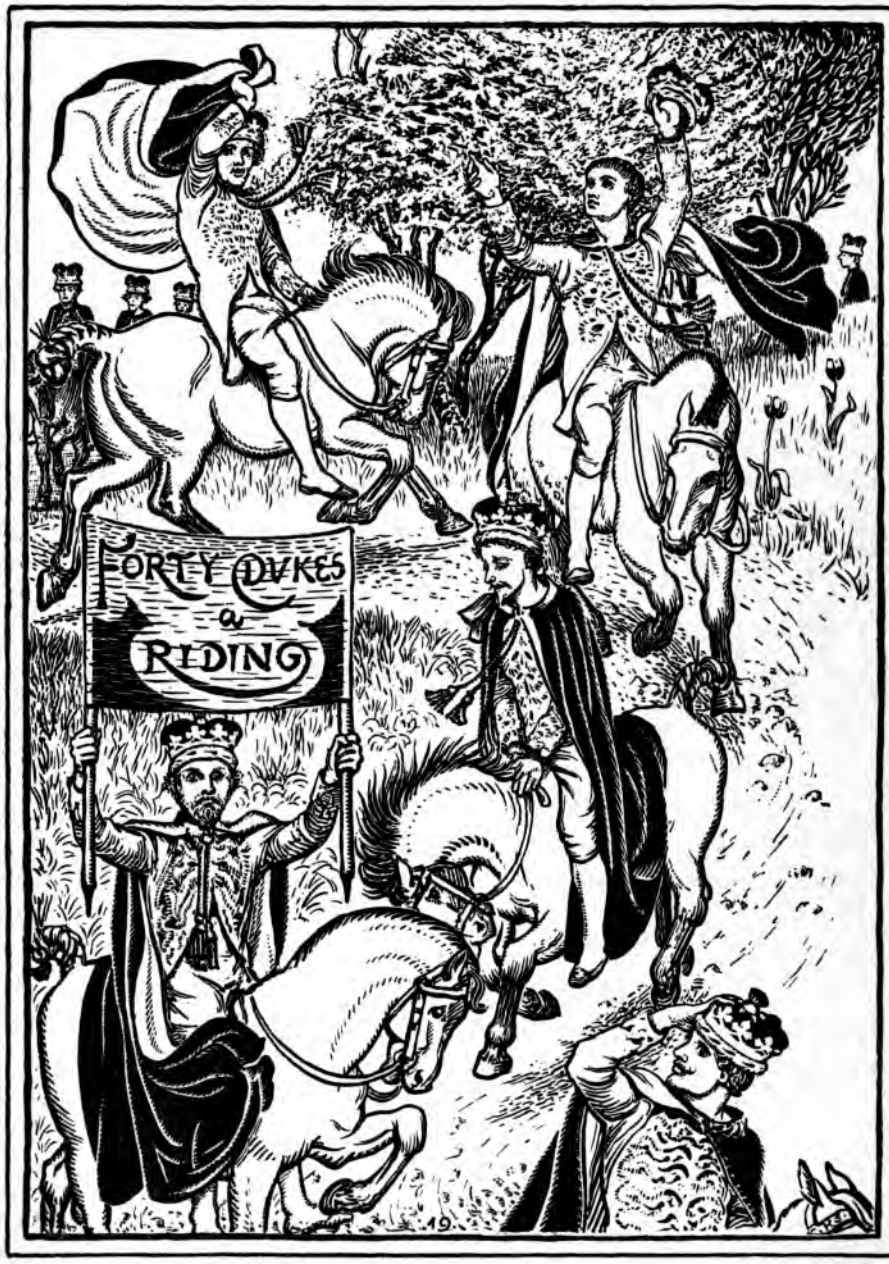
BRAHAM he got up afore and ISHMAEL sat behind. sing
BRAHAM he got up afore got up afore got up afore
BRAHAM he got up afore
nd ISHMAEL sat behind.



(To the singer— the words of each verse of this
song are first said to the audience & then sung
by all after the word ——— "sing")

hese 2 young men to the play would go whenever they saw fit_sing
hese 2 young men to the play would go to the play would go to the play
hese 2 young men to the play would go
Whenever they saw fit

BRAHAM sat in the gallery and ISHMAEL sat in the pit_sing.
BRAHAM sat in the gallery in the gallery in the gallery
BRAHAM sat in the gallery
nd ISHMAEL sat in the pit

The two young men of Kenilworth


FORTY DYKES
a
RIDING

"Forty dukes a riding, my ducy dulcy officer . . . . . .
Forty dukes a riding, my ducy dulcy day . . . . . .

"What do you wish for? my ducy dulcy officer . . . . . .
What do you wish for? my ducy dulcy day" . . . . . .

"I wish to catch the naughty girls naughty girls naughty girls .
I wish to catch the naughty girls my ducy dulcy day" . .

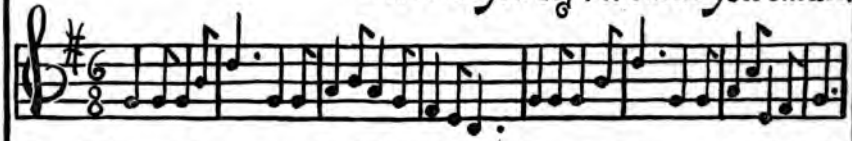
"We are none of us naughty here sir. my ducy dulcy officer . . . . .
We are none of us naughty here sir, my ducy dulcy day" . . . . . .

"How do you show yr goodnels girls goodnels girls goodnels girls?
How do you show your goodness girls? my ducy dulcy day"

"We all do as we are bid sir, my ducy dulcy officer . . . . . .
We all do as we are bid sir, my ducy dulcy day" . . . . . .

"Then I bid you to stop yr game girls game girls game girls
Then I bid you to stop yr game girls my ducy dulcy day".

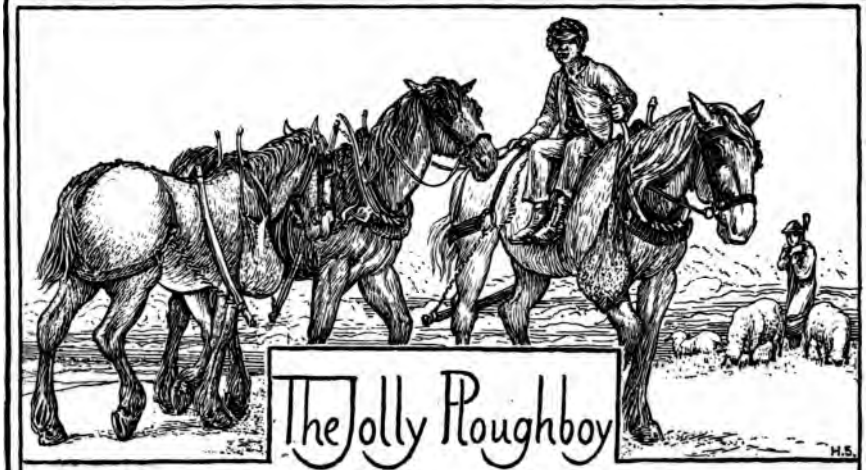
We won't stop for you sir, my ducy dulcy officer. . . . . .
We won't stop for you sir, my ducy dulcy day". . . . . .

"So naughty girls you won't obey? . .
Then I will make you stop your play
I'll catch you one I'll catch you all
I'll catch you big I'll catch you small."

40 dukes a riding my ducy dulcy officer 40 dukes a riding my ducy dulcy day etc.

So naughty girls you won't obey? Then I will make you stop your play etc.

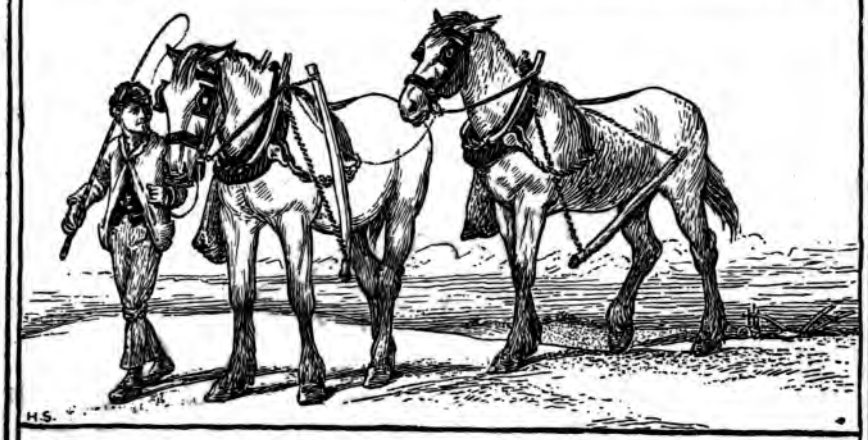
Song for the game of Blindman's Buff.

DVKES
&
RIDIN
22.
HS



The Jolly Ploughboy

There were two loving brothers two brethren were born
Two brethren whose trades we still keep,
The one was a ploughman a planter of corn
The other a tender of sheep.

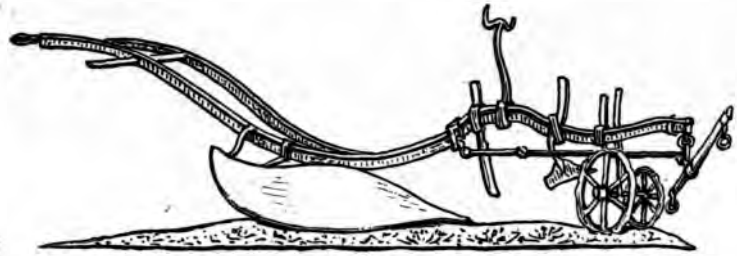


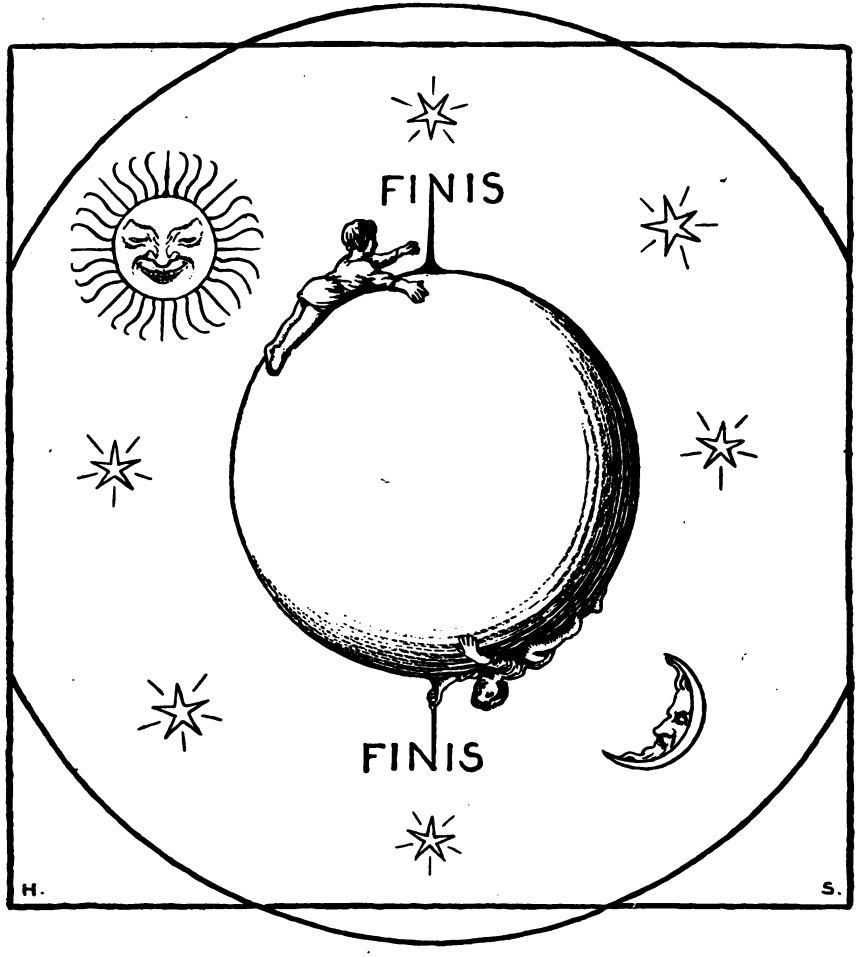
Come all jolly ploughboys, come help me for to sing
I'll sing in the praise of the plough.
For tho' we must labour from summer to spring
We all will be merry boys now.

We've hirëd we've mirëd thro' mire & thro' clay
No pleasure at all could we find,
Now we'll laugh dance & sing & drive care away
No more in this world to repine.

Here's April here's May here's June & July
'Tis a pleasure to see the corn grow.
In August we moil it shear low & reap high
And bind up our scythes for to mow.

So now we have gatherëd up evëry sheaf
And scrapëd up evëry ear.
We'll make no more to do but to plough & to sow
And provide for the very next year.

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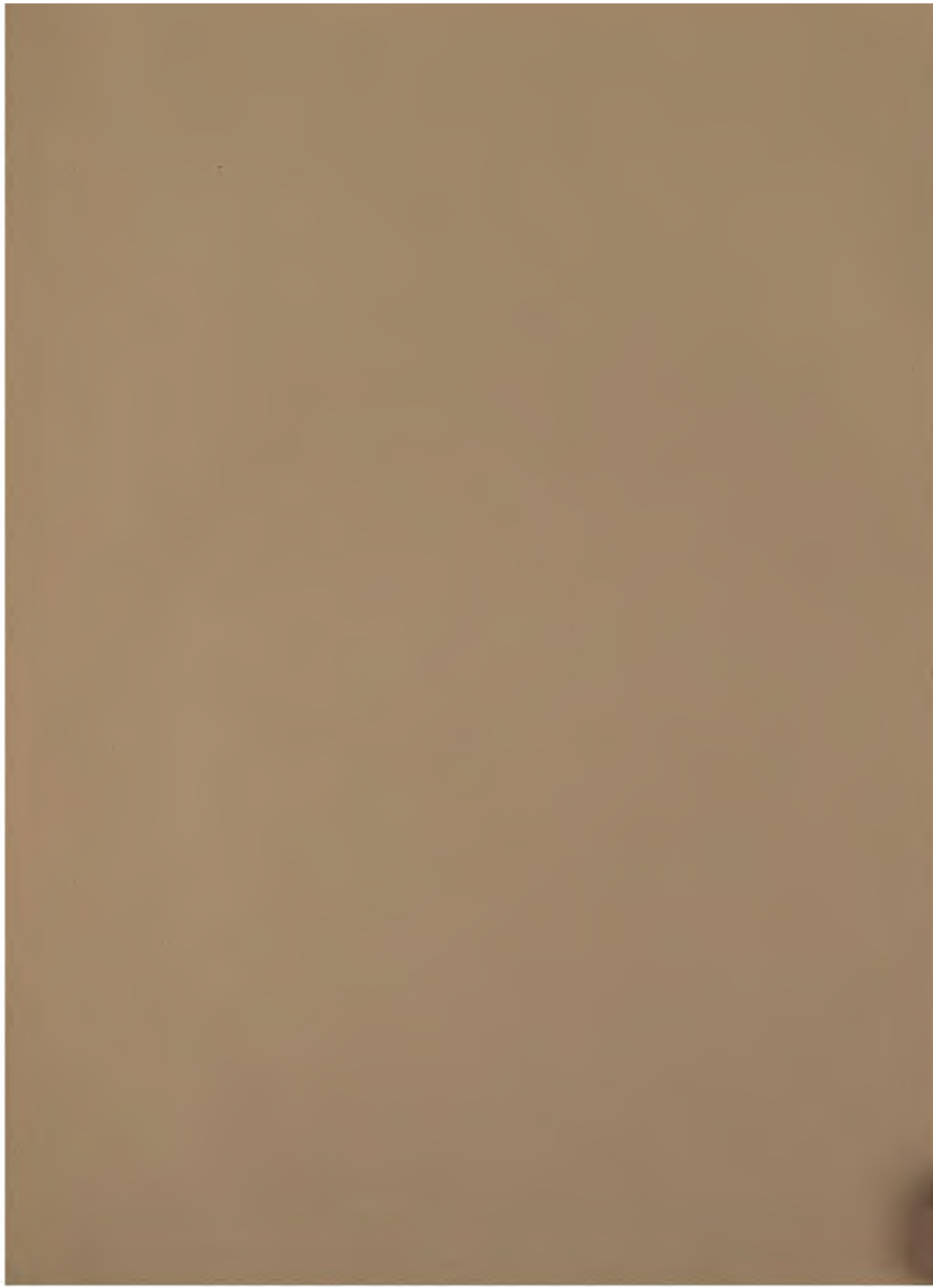

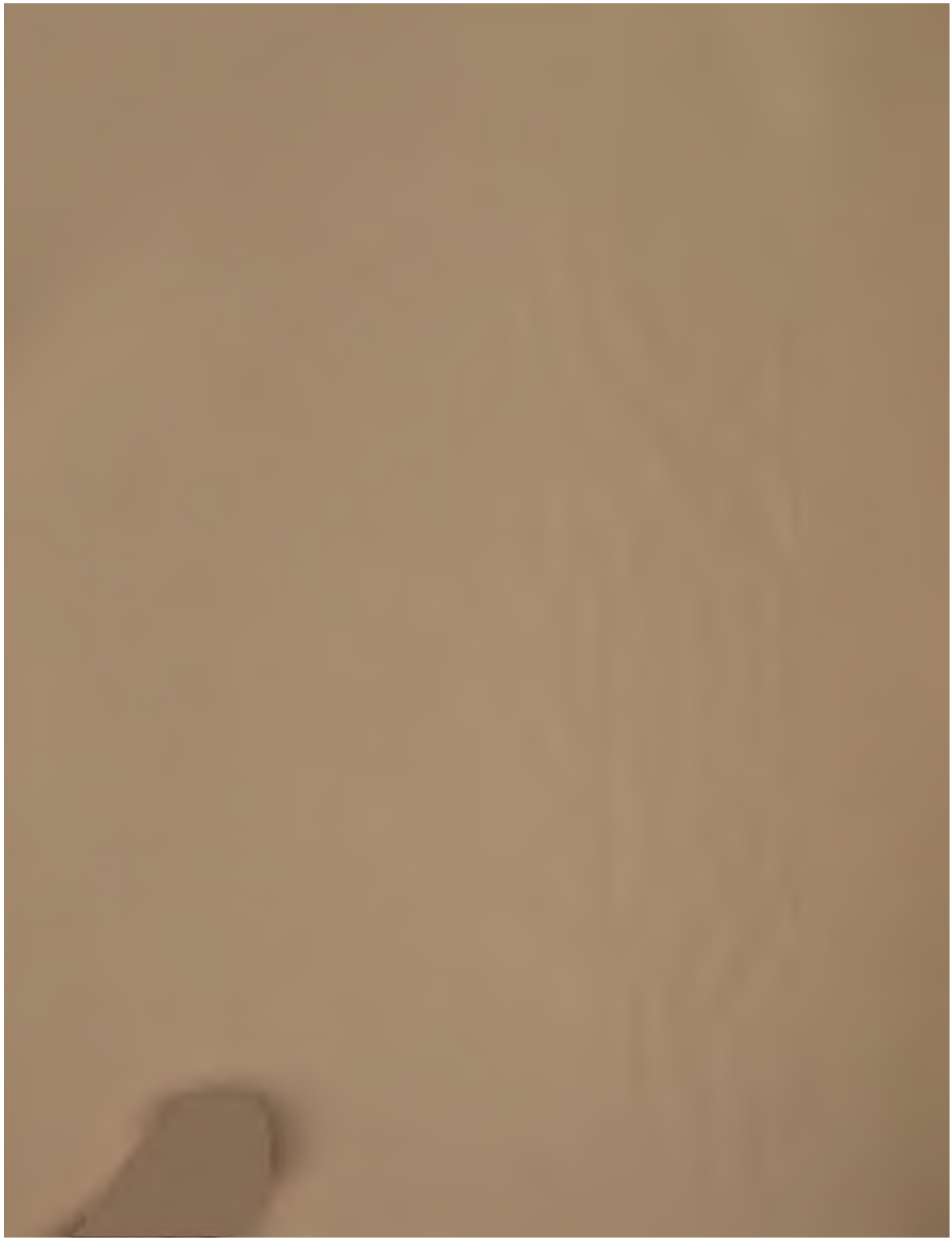

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